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MOTHERHOOD.

BY AGNES LEE.

MOTHER of Christ long slain, forth glided she,
Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
She saw a little Christ in every face.
When, lo! another woman, pressing near,
Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand, and said:
"I know thee not, yet know thee memory-tossed
And what hath led thee here, as I am led—
These bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"How radiant was my little one!
And He was fair,
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its rays through amber spun
His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine!"
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"—
And Mary smiled,—
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all His precious days.
My little child
Was like an infinite light that gleamed."
"Even so was mine," the woman dreamed.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,
Of thine!" And she:

"Oh, mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me!

His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"
"I am the mother of Tscariot."

AGNES LEE.